

ALWAYS THE SAME. She studied in the German school, and when she daily played upon the grand piano, over the din that instrument she made upon...

A DUEL.

"There are no real duels now days," said one of our party. "A scratch, three drops of blood, and the antagonists go off to breakfast together."

"Besides," said another "it is always so arranged that no one shall be killed. The seconds throw up the swords and prevent fatal thrusts, or if pistols are used, load them with cork balls."

"The same way here," said the other, "and really I don't complain, for I confess I should have been greatly embarrassed had a corpse remained on my hands. A body doesn't disappear; the authorities invariably find it."

"Do you think so?" "Do you deny, Doctor, that it is impossible to withdraw a corpse from the attention of the police? They know at once if a man disappears, especially if he occupies a position in society. There is always some one to give notice of his absence. Now, if you refer to some vagabond, without friends, family, or residence, the case is different."

"I tell you," said the Doctor, this time very emphatically, "that there are exceedingly serious duels, that a man may be killed, and that, further, though belonging to an excellent family, having friends, even being hand in glove with magistrates, he may disappear forever without any one knowing what has become of him."

"But the corpse is somewhere!" "Of course," "The Doctor passed his hand across his forehead. He looked very calm and a trifle pale; and did not seem to notice the slightly ironical smile which had settled on every face."

"Well," said he, "how long ago was it? I don't remember exactly, but it was a long, long while, say twenty-five or thirty years. Where did it take place? Among the savages of Nyanza, among the Redskins of North America? No; in France. But I shall keep from you the name of the little town. Search the map of France—the little town is very near a medical college. It is surrounded by important villages, one of which bears the name of a battle, a sadly celebrated battle."

"In the little town in question, two students of the same age and brothers through friendship were toiling assiduously, impatient to win the title of doctor, which, surrounded by the halo of distance, seemed to them a sure guarantee of rapid fortune."

"There was, besides, within them a more honorable desire than that of creating for themselves a lucrative practice. They were laborious enthusiasts, who aspired to discoveries and made intelligent researches that they might conquer some of the diseases which overwhelm humanity. But they were not rivals nor jealous of each other. On the contrary, they mingled their intelligence, energy, and hopes, and each was ready to share with the other the glory he counted upon acquiring."

"They were, as you see, two children. The last year of their studies was drawing to its close; their examinations had been brilliant, and but a slight effort would enable them to reach the goal; that is to say, the conquest of the diploma which would permit them to work without impediment, in spite of routine professors, who, for the most part, are adversaries."

"I repeat to you they were friends. How happened it that in a day that friendship was transformed into hate? How, allies the night before, did they become implacable enemies? A profound moralist has said: 'Look for the woman!'"

"The time, as usual, you would have found her. 'Who was she? Was she worth the furious rivalry for her which had separated these two brothers? No matter! A woman, for those who love her, is always the most important of her sex."

"And both loved her to the point of madness. 'In fact, they were mad, for only madness could have—' The Doctor brook off for a moment and drank a mouthful of wine. He was pale and his eyes were singularly shabby, but he was firmer than he seemed.

them like incurable lunacy; one of them superfluous upon this earth; they had resolved to fight each other to the death. 'Don't imagine that the four students raised any objection. For a very long while, the romantic, driven from Paris by scientific, had found refuge in the provinces. The people there still believed in the heroes of George Sand, the truculence of Gautier and the Treize of Balzac: A duel to the death. It was a rare windfall! 'Nevertheless, among these hair-brained fellows, one, more thoughtful or more selfish than the rest, observed that the seconds in such a grave duel might get into serious trouble. Just at that period it seemed that the authorities were inclined to deal severely with dueling, the fit seizing upon them intermittently, as you are aware.

"Fearing such objections on the part of the seconds, our two duellists had provided for them; they would fight in a spot calculated to bid defiance to all curiosity, and in which, by the corpse, they did not doubt that there would be a corpse—would disappear without arousing the attention of the authorities. 'This is the way in which the affair took place: 'Toward 2 o'clock one summer morning the six young men quitted the little town without their departure being noticed by anyone. The seconds, wrapped in cloaks, concealed something, and that something was not a sword.

"They took out-of-the-way roads, in which they were sure of meeting no one, and thus reached the small village of Blanc. 'They found themselves at the foot of a wall of a cemetery. All the party were agile, as well as young. The scaling of the wall, therefore, presented no difficulty. They gained the interior of the cemetery.

"The spectacle was, indeed, romantic. Amid the first glimmers of day the white tombs emerged from the morning mist like spectres with arms outstretched beneath their winding sheets; the wooden crosses made black stains.

"They chose a spot where no burial had certainly taken place for a very long while—this was easily divided by the topography of the alleys already traced. And when they had fixed upon the point, the four seconds, producing from under their cloaks the spade they had kept concealed there, began to dig a grave.

"They had strong arms; they were sons of peasants and knew how to handle their implements. After twenty minutes' toil the grave was dug—two meters long and one wide. 'Is it all right?' demanded one of the seconds. 'The two adversaries, who, until then, had been walking among the tombs, taking great care not to meet each other, approached and made an affirmative answer.

"You are still resolved to fight?" "Yes!" "Until one of you meets his death?" "Yes!" "There was no attempt at reconciliation. 'Each of the two enemies handed the seconds a letter, which was not to be opened until after the death of one of them. The seconds took charge of them.

"The two men then stripped to the waist; they did not want any blood-stained garments to remain. Then each one was given a knife. 'They sprang into the yawning grave. 'How they threw themselves upon each other, how they closed, how madly, blinded by rage, they struck, no one knew; in their fit of furious madness they did not know themselves.

"Suddenly, one of them, said, in a faint voice: 'He is dead!' 'He was the other! 'The seconds, stupefied with horror, but restrained by their pride—at that period people affected impassibility—were scarcely able, so much did they tremble, to help him out of the grave.

"He was the victor, he was alive; the other was lying in a heap amid a pool of blood. 'But it was imperative that he should disappear. One of the students established that he was dead. Then they filled up the grave trod down the earth and replaced the sods which had been carefully removed.

"After this they returned to the town. 'The following day the parents of the dead man received a letter in which he announced to them that he had, for a long time had desired to see foreign lands, he had departed for the nearest port and embarked for a destination he would make known to them only after his arrival. 'The promised communication never arrived.

"The man had disappeared, and it was never known what had become of him. 'The auditor of this singular story had grown pale. 'But the other?' cried some one. 'The other, the living man,' said the Doctor, in a solemn voice was myself! 'And the woman?'"

"She was a wretch! I never saw her afterward."—San Francisco Call. 'Kittie Watched the Table. The dinner-table stood spread on the piazza one day in a certain seashore home.

"Run up and watch the table, Miss Susie, that is a good little girl, said the maid to the little daughter of the house, as she went on into the house for something or other for the table before summoning the family to the table.

Susie was playing with her cat, but she put it down on the steps, and went and stood obediently beside the table for a few minutes. The maid was detained, and did not return at once, and Susie, seeing her brother down by the sea, ran down to play with him, forgetting that her cat was left in sight of the dinner table.

"When the maid came out soon she found the cream pitcher overturned and the cat quivering lapping cream beside her mistress' cups. Mrs. B. came out at this moment, and the maid explained that she had seen Miss Susie at the table. Mrs. B. said: 'Why didn't you stay and watch the table, as Mary asked you to?'"

"Why, mamma, I—she looked about, then, and said triumphantly: 'Why didn't you see, mamma, I left kitty to watch the table for me.'"—New York Press.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

SUBJECTS THAT WILL BE FOUND INTERESTING TO THE WOMEN.

Thin Dresses.—Women as Teachers. New Things for Women.—The Hat You Want.—About Your Summer Gown.—Valuable Household Hints.

Thin Dresses.

The summer days have come when weighty gowns are a burden, and modistes are hastily completing dresses of thinnest fabrics—grenadines, daphanous chiffons, and sheerest orfanou muslins. Elaborate gowns of black grenadine are imported in patterns, with plain silk grenadine for the greater part of the gown, with pieces for sleeves and corset, or entire corsage, and bands for trimming-embroidered with fine steel and jet beads, and thickly strewn with glittering spangles of jet. For simpler gowns spotted or striped grenadines are used, and are made up over black satin merveilleux throughout, or else over chagessilk.

A handsome gown of dotted grenadine, over light blue and yellow taffeta, has the grenadine of the bodice drawn down, without darts or side forms, to the waist line. Wide corded lace, edged with jet cabochons, is then set straight down the front in jacket shape, and turned back to form a coat along the edge of the bodice. A band of jet beads the lace in the back, and passing under the lace of the front forms a pointed belt on the grenadine waist. The sleeves have grenadine much fuller at the top than the silk lining, and the lace is fitted closely over the silk below the elbows. The silk foundation skirt has two pinked flounces at the foot, and is veiled by a full grenadine skirt, edged with a thick ruche of the grenadine, on the left side the grenadine skirt is left open to show the pretty silk beneath, and bands of jet gaulon are set down the edges. With this gown is a round hat of ecor straw in open pattern wrought with gold, trimmed with black gauze ribbon striped with gold, and long-stemmed thistles of jet and gold. The gloves are light tan Suede, and low shoes of brown oxeal calf are worn with brown silk stockings.

Women as Teachers.

It is only a question of time as to whether or not women will monopolize the work of teaching in the public schools. In forty cities having a population each of 10,000 and above, in States East and West, North and South, they outnumber the men in the schools by more than five to one—3770 to 655, according to a census bulletin just issued. In smaller communities and in the rural districts the proportion is still greater, perhaps, because the men who want to teach as a profession or to teach while preparing for a profession, as law or medicine, crowd into the cities, because there the salaries are the highest and the facilities of study best. These figures refer to whites only; but the colored girls are coming to the front also and claiming a place, as in the six cities of Texas, with the population required, where the female teachers of color number thirty-five and the male only twenty-five.

New Things for Women.

The newest color is golden yellow shading into mauve. The newest combination is old rose and dim blue. The newest bonnet is a small jet coronet with a tiny bunch of flowers in front and a larger one behind. The newest hat is the flat picture shape of black horsehair trimmed with yellow flowers. The newest parasol handle is in black wood with pierced monogram in gold. The newest way to arrange a lace flounce is to festoon it twice across the front of the skirt, first half way down and then near the edge, turning over the top in a hem and running in a ribbon. The newest millinery flower is the yellow primrose. The newest sleeve is wide and full at the top, but not so high as formerly. The newest shade in straw is beetle's winggreen.

The Hat You Want.

The woman with a "pug" nose is not wise—at least not in matters of dress—if she wears a bonnet with a sharply peaked brim, accentuating the tendency of her nose; or if her forehead slopes sharply back from the bridge of her nose she is most unwise to select a hat in which the trimming slopes obliquely toward the back, from there towering into the air. If her face is plain and hard featured, she is not wise to comb her hair smoothly back and wear a swallow-shaped hat with severely plain outline. Her plain features need the relief of wavy or curled locks to soften their severity, and a hat or bonnet with irregular puffed edges and soft folds above, not stiff brims, plainly shown. The short, stout woman with double chin should eschew the style of dress with horizontal bands of trimmings upon the skirt, the short jacket of thick material that is oftened than not, by some irony of fate, trimmed with bulky fur, and also the very broad-brimmed, leather-encased hat, a fatal combination that makes her look like a ball.—Beads' Magazine.

The Wife's Obsequies.

While denunciations of Christians have accepted the word "obsequy" for the marriage service. The great Roman Catholic Church never had it inserted, and even in the Episcopal

Church it is occasionally omitted—I have personally known several instances; or when retained, it is constantly explained by the parties concerned, or even by clergymen, as a thing to be taken with a mental reservation. Two things have contributed to this—the constant increase in the number of women who earn incomes of their own, and the vast progress of the higher education. Either of these experiences very soon expands the wings of a strong feminine nature, and a return to the chrysalis is therefore impossible. It is out of the question to give woman equal education and equal property rights, and yet keep her in the prostrate attitude she occupied when her earnings belonged to her husband, and when the law denied her the safeguard called "benefit of clergy" on the grounds that it was not supposed she could read or write.—Harper's Bazar.

Gossiping Women.

Among the ordinances promulgated at St. Helena in 1709, we find the following: "Whereas, several idle, gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house, about the island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbors and between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good and quiet people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity and good neighborhood—for the punishment and suppression thereof, to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived and friendship continued, we do order that if any women, from henceforth, shall be convicted of tale-telling, mischief-making, scolding, or any other notorious vice, they shall be punished by whipping or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, or the Governor and Council shall think fit."—New York Ledger.

New York Girls Play the Races.

Two pretty young ladies, wearing gingham dresses and sailor hats, sat in a box at Morris Park recently. They were bright and vicious and had a host of friends, to whom they chatted gaily when they called on them. They took out their pocket-books and sent money down on a horse for the first race. They had lost and laughed as they tore up their tickets. "I am so fond of reading," said the younger of the two. She was about 18. "I want to win some money and buy some books." They were novices, though, and lost every race. At last they reached the last race, and they were broke. An elderly gentleman just then called in their box. He might have been their father. Laughing they told him their experience. The old gentleman smiled took out a \$5 bill and told them to play Pearl Set won, and the girls divided \$45 between them. It was worth a trip to the track to see them as Pearl Set led past the post.—Morning Advertiser.

About Your Summer Gown.

You are going to make your cotton gown. Now, before you do this, say The Ladies' Home Journal, see if you cannot have its decoration in its design, and use as little trimming as possible. The quantity of embroideries that was at one time considered in good taste on these gowns, is no longer in vogue. Whatever decoration you may use, have upon the bodice. A glimpse of Irish lace, ribbon collars and cuffs, fanciful circles, or waist-coats of silk or embroidery, of pique or linen, are all in good taste; but an elaborate skirt is undesirable. Your cotton gown wants to express the sweetness of simplicity, and it also ought to tell of its extreme comfort, a something which is never hinted at in an overtrimmed or too elaborately made one. Too much decoration, like too many words, is quite often an evidence, not only of lack of sense, but of lack of brain.

American Woman's Tact.

An English writer says that "there is method in the madness of the English lord who imports the American product to wed, not alone because of her money and beauty, but because a fair American can make her home all things to all men, and she brings to society something more durable than beauty, more refreshing than a gold mine—tact. That is the key to the social fairyland, without which we can never hope to enter. We want it with our friends, with our enemies, in our public gatherings, in our intimate relations, in talk or in silence, we want it badly."—New York Sun.

Valuable Household Hints.

Pieces of licorice laid around where ants run is recommended. Take iron stains from marble with lemon-juice or a mixture of spirits of wine and oxalic acid. Meringues should be put on puddings after they are slightly cool as, if the pudding be hot, the egg will liquefy. Old newspapers torn in small pieces and wet in water softened by the addition of a little ammonia, are excellent to wash lamp-chimneys. Steamed dumplings, with stewed chicken or veal, are an acquisition. Cook both these meats until nearly done, then make the dumplings like baking-powder biscuits; pour all but a little of the water from into another vessel or tray, and put the dumplings in the pot on the meat so they will not touch the water, and cook until all the water is boiled away. To remove scratches and bruises from furniture, rub them gently with a fresh walnut, buttered or hickory nut kernel, and they will disappear as if by magic. To remove the unsightly marks caused by drippings from the faucet in marble basins, or in water-jets, bowls, north-souls, pulverized chalk, moistened with a few drops of ammonia. Apply with an old tooth-brush and they quickly disappear. In cooking vegetables, always remember that boiling water evaporates rapidly on the approach of a storm or when it is raining.—From The Ladies' Home Journal.

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